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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements
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The Children's Day

The troubles and perplexities that beset the times are of the adult mind. The children do not know or share them. Their faith is more vital and unconquerable. The energy of its rushing power crowds out cynicism and disillusionment. With the young, hope is not a frail flower to be guarded and nurtured, but a lusty, upspringing fountain whose waters come from the great deeps.

So, by a significant symbolism, Christmas, once a holiday marking the coming of proof that the sick sun was not to die, and later a celebration proclaiming a rebirth of spiritual power, has become in these later days a festival of the children. We moderns are also myth-makers and have ceremonies and customs which attest great truths—such truths as that youth, with instinctive wisdom, refusing to doubt progress and final victory, is the one thing in the world that is forever marching forward and upward.

The destiny of America is in the custody of those who gather around the hearthstone—more particularly with those who hang their stockings up. No need exists to preach hope to such. It already tingles to their finger tips. No shadow of the prison house falls on their glad spirits. They accept intuition as a sufficient guide. They trust to desires and feel no call to justify their enthusiasm. They are non-critical, and hence they grow. With their growth the world grows.

Of such is the kingdom of heaven, we are told—a saying whose subtlety psychology is but beginning to pierce. Not so much by taking thought does mankind advance as by trusting to the guidance of a Nature who knows better than any sage how to attain her objectives. So in making a cult of children, as Americans are sometimes reproached with doing, perhaps they are wiser than their critics realize.

Adult life no longer has attached to it the old sanctity. Witness the prodigal sacrifice of recent years. But child life has a new reverence, and children, not their parents, are protected as the chief torch bearers.

A Navy Without Submarines

The Secretary of the Navy, in his recent testimony, admitted that our submarines were far from satisfactory. But he placed the principal blame upon the builders, saying the Navy Department would not accept a large number of boats now under construction. In his annual report, however, Mr. Daniels implied that our submarines were all right in comparison with former German boats, specially mentioning the claim that they are much more "comfortable" and "habitable." The Secretary specializes in such rapid changes of mind.

It is important to get at the truth. The following facts should be noted:

- (1) There are about thirty boats of from 300 to 450 tons, but all unsuitable for offshore work. The majority of them have always been defective, and they are now useless except for training and local defense purposes.
- (2) There are about fifty coastal submarines of from 350 to 550 tons now in fair condition.
- (3) There are about fifty boats, many still uncompleted, of 800 tons and above. Officers on submarine duty are hoping that a few of these boats may be satisfactory; but as a class they are rank failures.

It appears, therefore, that our sole dependence is upon the fifty coastal submarines, which are not intended for distant service. Thus, nearly three years after the data of foreign boats became available, the Navy Department has failed to develop any long radius boats such as the Germans sent to our coast in 1918, or to provide the medium-sized and very efficient boats which both the British and Germans built and used in large numbers during the World War.

The total cost of our submarine force to date is approximately \$135,000,000. And we have not one up-to-date long range submarine fit for service with the fleet!

A modern navy must operate on

three planes. This Administration, after six years' warning, has completely failed to supply forces for the upper and lower planes. We have a one-plane, not a three-plane, navy.

Chewing Tobacco and Orchids

If there was anything left out of the Harding Christmas stocking it was no fault of the many and various admirers who defied law and highfaluting dignity to send in their best and warmest remembrance. A possum from Georgia, cigarettes from Kansas—at risk of the police—chewing tobacco from the old village store, orchids for Mrs. Harding—a fine bulging array they make, and the wishes of a nation go with them.

Ought Americans to be more fussy about the amenities of approaching their great men? We trust they never will be, at any rate. And we are sure that Mr. Harding, for all his fine presence and distinction of appearance, wants to remain "one of us Americans," in the White House or out. In fact, Mr. Harding seems to have a particularly happy faculty of combining an old-fashioned simplicity with an equally old-fashioned dignity.

After all, fake refinement is the only unforgivable sin. It had a long reign in America during many growing decades. Fashion has at last turned against it, let us hope for good. The euphuists still exist, but their wares are largely unappreciated. Equally the glory of expensiveness and pretentiousness has abated. The spirit of the Middle West seems at last emerging as the dominant note of the country—a spirit that knows all the creature comforts of life and loves them, but that looks to the genuineness of hospitality, rather than its forms, and that is ashamed of nothing that is real. Long may it flourish!

Martyrs to Incompetence

Every policeman who loses his life in battling with the army of criminals that has invaded New York is a martyr to incompetence. With adequate direction the uniformed force could be made such a terror to footpads and gunmen that they never would dare institute a reign of terror here.

The rank and file of New York's policemen are as courageous and efficient a force of men as was ever assembled. When they have been permitted to work without interference they have inspired in evildoers a wholesome respect for the law.

But policemen must obey orders. They must do what they are told, go where they are directed to go. They are no more capable of effective police work without intelligent leadership than an army is able to fight effectively under an incompetent commander.

The force as it exists to-day would, if properly handled, be well able to drive the thugs and murderers out of New York and keep them out. Many of its members have already performed prodigies of valor. There is scarce one who is not ready to risk his life if that is necessary to the performance of his duty.

That such a body of men should be constantly exposed to peril of life and limb in defence of the city is nothing short of an outrage. It is not their fault that the town is full of sandbaggers and garroters and gunmen. Yet the members of the force are constantly on the firing line, and always in danger.

Giving Others the Blues

Secretary Houston has done what he could to make Christmas gloomy for the Senate Finance Committee. As a witness before it he predicted a deficit of \$2,100,000,000 for 1921-'22 and of \$1,500,000,000 for 1922-'23, and warned Congress against any further commitments like the revival of the War Finance Board, advances to Germany or the payment of cash bonuses to war veterans.

The Secretary seemed very downhearted about the Treasury's plight—much more so than he was three weeks ago when he sent to the House of Representatives estimates of appropriations needed next year which, according to the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, "read like a fairy tale." The Administration spenders have basked in sunshine for the last four years, and Mr. Houston hasn't shown any disposition to shake them out of their pleasant dreams. Like a good comrade, he hasn't even whispered "deficit" in their ears. It is enough for him to carry his worries to Congress and make that body walk the floor.

But how much better it would have been if the Secretary had first unloaded his gloom on his Cabinet associates. Take Mr. Daniels and Mr. Baker, for example. Mr. Houston recently passed along Navy Department estimates calling for \$658,000,000, although Congress allowed the navy only \$439,000,000 for the current year. He submitted army estimates calling for \$899,000,000, although Congress allowed only \$392,000,000 at the last session.

Mr. Daniels has been blustering about the need of a new three-year construction program. He scorns the idea of an agreement by Great Britain, Japan and the United States to slacken construction, saying that naval disarmament cannot come until all the nations agree to

it. His talk has alarmed the British, who, after stopping work on capital ships, are now thinking about resuming it. Mr. Baker has just submitted deficiency army estimates for 1921 totalling \$76,000,000. Of this sum \$34,000,000 represents the cost of that part of the army enlisted in excess of the strength for which the last army appropriation bill made provision. "Easy go" is still Mr. Baker's cheerful motto.

If Mr. Houston had labored with Mr. Daniels and Mr. Baker and the President, drawing for them the dark picture he now draws for the legislative branch, he might not have caused to be so utterly pessimistic about the Treasury's future. The Administration's orgy of expenditure is the real cause of his tribulations. The situation is, in fact, black. But perverse spenders like Daniels and Baker will soon go out of office. Congress has shown a genuine desire to practise economy. It cut \$2,418,000,000 out of the estimates for 1919-'20 and 1920-'21. It may be able to cut \$1,000,000,000 out of the estimates for 1921-'22. But this saving will not be due to Mr. Houston's timely intervention. It will be achieved in the face of the Administration's own urgent demands for money and cool indifference to the embarrassments such demands have caused.

Not Swann!

It is not amazing that Tammany is bringing all its influence to bear to secure for District Attorney Swann the appointment to succeed Judge Malone on the General Sessions bench. That is just the sort of effrontery, of insolent disregard of public opinion, of sacrifice of judicial standards to political ends, that is to be expected from Fourteenth Street. But it is astonishing that Governor Smith should listen for a moment to these political enemies of the bench.

Governor Smith has been a political executive; but his record has been conspicuously free from outrageous appointments. He made no pretense of not being a Tammany man and he has consistently aided his machine with every resource at his command. He has not yielded to the baser elements of Mr. Murphy's organization.

After such a record, for Governor Smith to name Mr. Swann to a great judicial office would be an outrage to public opinion and a grievous disappointment to decent citizens throughout the state. Mr. Swann has neither the temperament nor the ability to hold even a minor judgeship. He has made one of the weakest district attorneys the County of New York has ever had. Only the cynical and sordid leaders of Fourteenth Street would dream of urging so notoriously unfit a choice.

The Tribune refuses to believe that Governor Smith will yield to the influences behind Mr. Swann. It urges him to rebuff these plotters against the bench swiftly and sternly. Tammany has not yet begun to learn what a clean bench means—to the public, to the city, to the voters. We greatly hope that Mr. Smith will give his organization a pointed lesson by rejecting Mr. Swann forthwith as an impossible and unthinkable candidate.

Another Crime of Omission

Preceding 1914 the great crime of commission was by Germany. Her rulers and her people prepared with cold deliberation for a day when they might say to the outside world, "Submit or be conquered."

But supplementing the crime of commission was one of omission. The threatened peoples would not recognize what portended. Besotted pacifism, having eyes but seeing not, defeated the measures which were indispensable if the deluge of war was to be avoided. The real friends of peace were assailed as militarists—as no better than the Prussians.

Again the world is threatened, and the custody of international relations is once more assumed by an unchanged Germany and by unchanged pacifists. Germany asks to be allowed to reëct herself into what she was, and her dupes are proclaiming that fair play requires that she be trusted with power.

Yet no sign comes that the new Germany is a safe companion. Unrepentant and unregenerated, she shows no regret save that the Kaiser did not win. Republican Germany does not differ much from imperial Germany. Socialists vie with monarchists in preaching hate of France, of Great Britain, of America.

Back of Germany, ready to make common cause with her, is Russia, under her new autocratic rulers. Poland is marked for destruction, the new states of southern Europe are to be brought into the German-Russian orbit, Turkey is to be restored, a pro-German king has been seated in Greece, Japan is being wooed to change sides. If the program were written on the sky it would not be more visible.

In the mean time besotted pacifism is busier than before 1914. Already it has gained large influence. In England it is so strong that even so stout a fighter for the good cause as Lloyd George bends before it and talks of admitting Germany to the peace league. In France and Italy Clemenceau and Orlando have been driven out of public life. In all lands, on one excuse or another, the doctrine that Germany should

be released from bonds finds acceptance. If common sense does not assert itself, the result will be another desperate struggle to prevent might from overwhelming right. The outside world cannot end German perversity, but it can keep itself free of another crime of omission. It can contribute to peace by keeping powerless, as far as may be, those who would disturb it. The first step toward doing this is in facing the sad facts of existing conditions.

Jingoes Here and in Japan

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: The Japan Society performed a valuable public service in bringing to the attention of the Japanese people the Japanese dinner last week. The cordial expressions of friendly relations between this country and Japan as then so well stated and enlarged upon by these speakers were as gracious and sincere as they were refreshing. This prevailing sentiment of cordial feeling between those in authority and the people of each country has often been vouched for by those in a position to know. It was shown by Messrs. Vanderbilt and H. W. Taft and associates on their return from Japan a few months ago and well described by Mr. Taft in his interesting articles soon afterward.

As Judge Gary forcefully stated at the dinner the other evening, "the jingoes in Japan did not represent the sentiment of the people of their own country in their efforts to stir up trouble." The indorsement of this statement by Baron Shidehara condemning jingoes and his reference to national differences under such circumstances growing out of "mutual suspicion and misunderstanding" met with prompt and hearty response from those present, as also his fitting reference to each nation giving to the other "a little more credit for honesty of heart and purpose."

The point brought out by Ambassador Morris as to the very great importance of our commerce with Japan, and this of itself being sufficient to quell the talk of conflict, was also well received.

The writer is led to refer to this subject from the fact that during and since the war friends of my family living in Tokyo and in position to know the sentiment of the Japanese people toward this country have in personal letters repeatedly referred to the conditions here mentioned, to the effect that the noisy and aggressive jingoes did not represent either the people of Japan nor those in authority there.

FRIDERIC W. KELSEY.
New York, Dec. 22, 1920.

One of Those True Dog Stories

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: A young married couple of my acquaintance owned a wire-haired terrier, a bright, loving little fellow which was treated as one of the family, was an excellent watchdog, sweet-tempered and happy, fond of every one and beloved in return.

After a year or so a baby arrived on the scene, and from the very first Jerry (the dog) appeared changed. His jealousy was apparent to all; he stalked around the house, began to stay out nights, and snarled and snapped when approached. He did not grow used to the child, but when it became absolutely apparent to him that his nose was out of joint permanently he went forth into the byways and hedges, gathered unto himself a clan of outlaw dogs and proceeded to terrorize the neighborhood. They raided chicken yards, howled until all hours of the morning, tore clothes off the lines on Mondays and otherwise made themselves general nuisances, all under the leadership of the disgruntled Jerry.

It was the clearest case I ever saw of the perversion of a dog's character through evil passions. He was almost human in the way he went morally broke when supplanted, as he believed, in the affections of those dearest to him.

I am well aware that this is not an evidence of nobility on the part of the dog. The thing that makes it most remarkable is its ignobility.

DICK ARCHER.
Scranton, Pa., Nov. 22, 1920.

From the Widow of a Frenchman

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: An appeal from the German women to the mothers of France appeared in to-day's Tribune, requesting the French government to forego delivery of the cows as provided for in the Versailles Treaty.

How dare these German women, who, in response to the prisoners' agonized requests for relief, poured water on the ground before their eyes, and when acting as nurses spat upon their food—how dare they ask for further sacrifices from the people whose women their soldiers outraged and whose country they devastated?

With conditions reversed, what would have happened? Let us not forget Bismarck's words to his soldiers in 1870: "Leave your enemy nothing but his eyes to cry with."

THE WIDOW OF A FRENCHMAN.
New York, Dec. 25, 1920.

Doubts of German Gratitude

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: I was much interested in your editorial in to-day's Tribune on "The Best Peace Insurance." As I understand, you depend on the gratitude of those destitute children to ward off a war in future. But "gratitude" has been defined as "a lively sense of future favors." Then, too, how about the man that found the half frozen viper, saved its life by taking it to his bosom and as soon as the viper warmed up it bit its benefactor?

If we save these German children will they run true to type and turn out to be vipers that we have saved? Miss Nathan's letter to Mr. Hoover is also very much in point, I think.

FRANK WHELAN.
Ballston Spa, N. Y., Dec. 21, 1920.

An Interested Friend

(From The Toledo Blade)

Philipinos want their independence little less ardently than the Japanese want them to have it.

The Conning Tower

UPON TAKING OVER THE TOWER THIS CHRISTMAS MORNING

Behold, The Boss has labored hard, His task not always pleasant; What say you if we give this bard A modest Christmas present?

And so the sundry undersigned, At Aleck's exhortation, Take one day's column off his mind, And grant him a vacation.

We aim to give him perfect hush— A workless day, and still; So kindly pass the guiding brush, And let us have that lily.

G. S. K.

The sentimental sergeant whose idea it was to embark upon this holiday harlequinade suggests that to-day's Tower should be headed "God rest ye, merry gentleman."

Literary Critiques

Up is exactly how I get het At the very thought of "Miss Lulu Bett."

A. W.

Dulcinea's New Year's card is in process of completion by Marc Connelly. It will be in the form of a check, drawn upon The Bank of Good Will, and calling for the payment to the bearer of 365 Happy Days.

Lines Written After Reading "Main Street," "Miss Lulu Bett," "Poor White," and "Moon Calf"

A year or so ago I began to feel That perhaps, after all, City life was unhealthy And foetid; That it cramped the soul And that life away from The Big Town Was on a freer and broader. Now I wouldn't trade the City odors of the subway For all the hay-scented breezes That blow in from The open country. On all the small towns in America, And I'm certain that I'd rather Be part of the vivid scene on Fifth Avenue for one December afternoon Than be elected Grand Sachem Of the loyal lodge of The Improved Order of Redmen In Eagle Grove, Iowa, For Life.

JOHN PETER TOOMEY.

Securities, in their mad decline, have been hitting a number of new marks lately. Here's hoping you haven't been one of them.

VISION

How I have languished on Heaven! And sneered at it, and mocked! And good folk, passing, have heard me laugh, And have listened—and been shocked.

But I will laugh no more at Heaven! And all the things on high! For it was only to-day I saw (Though you may think they were clouds I saw) A silver group of islands in A December-colored sky.

MORRIS.

Singularly enough, no one has thought to dig up the old college song: Blue law, blue law! Blue law, blue law! For God and country, and Lord's Day Alliance!

PERSPECTIVE

Fifteen years ago When I lived on Main Street Life ran a dreary schedule: Monday—The Current History Club, Tuesday—The Chopin Weekly Musical, Wednesday—The Prairie Players' Club—(Plays of a smart newcomer, Shaw), Thursday—Ex-student Field Astronomy, Friday—"Psychology for Everyman"—(On Royce, or James or Freud), Saturday—"The League" of "Literature in Life," Sunday—"A modern" preacher on the theme, "What Christ borrowed from Confucius."

Light reading, now and then, From The Monist or G. Stanley Hall.

Finally I made escape From the crushing confines Of the narrow village life To the Big City of Big Things: Movie palaces that would house a hundred Kopecks, Myriad of electric lights Extolling chewing gum, And all life on such a scale And all thought on such a theme, With Carol Lee learned True Values, For the brother James, They tell me here, Were wont to hold up trains, And Royce is junior partner In a firm for motor cars.

MURDOCK PEMBERTON.

Miss Neysa McMein—or so runs the legend—was found idling helplessly in her studio. "Why," they asked her in chorus, "why are you taking your case?" "Because," she mad-waggled in reply, "some one has taken my easel."

Opus No. 5001

Said Miss Clara Kummer to M. Miles Minter. "What kind of fags will they wear this winter?" "About the same as they wore last summer," Said M. Miles Minter to Miss Clara Kummer.

ALICE DEER MILLER.

The withdrawal of "When We Are Young," that sweet romance between two members of incredibly old families, was no surprise to those who heard the weary first-nighters murmuring, "Do you believe in scions?"

The job of getting together a gift column is absurdly simple. First tear your hair. Then spread the word among the Bosses that the idea is to give The Boss a vacation, and you'll be surprised how readily they will agree to dash off a little something. You ask them, please, to have it around to you by Tuesday, and they assure you it will be there Monday. And on Thursday, when it hasn't arrived yet, all you have to do is to dig up something else, and you have your column.

None other than Henry Sydnor Harrison has obtained for this Yuletide Yardsick an exclusive interview with Mayor Hyman on the police situation. Said His Honor: "All's right that's Enright."

Then, too, there was the Commissioner's order to the blackjacking villains, instructing them to keep off the streets after midnight.

If you're positive you can't guess it—

"Curfew, Jack Dalton!"

A RARE BIRD THAT WOULD MAKE A FINE HOUSEHOLD PET, IF WE COULD JUST DOMESTICATE IT

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Gen. Wood in the Cabinet

Popular Demand Voiced for His Appointment as Secretary of War

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: In all the newspaper talk (much of it undoubtedly inspired) respecting the members of Mr. Harding's Cabinet, no mention is made of General Wood.

Now, General Wood was the popular candidate of the Republican party. The people wanted him for President. On a free-for-all vote I venture to assert he would to-day beat any man in America and far outdistance Mr. Harding himself. He is not only the most popular American, but comes nearer to reincarnating the Roosevelt spirit than any man alive.

The people want him in Mr. Harding's Cabinet as Secretary of War. They want him there because he is eminently fitted for the job. They know he is a great reorganizing executive. His whole record, and Cuba particularly, proves that. They know that he might have lost the great war for Wood; that in the face of a hostile Administration, under the greatest difficulties, he, as the genius of Plattsburg, performed the most signal services in the cause of preparedness. Without Wood and Wood's trained officers America would have been too late to turn back the hordes of Huns, and Pershing's "We have come, Lafayette!" could never have been uttered in time to avert the catastrophe.

And the American people want General Wood in the Cabinet because they have noticed and admired the nobility of his character and his exemplary conduct throughout the shameful treatment to which he has been persistently subjected by the present Administration and the contemptible Baker.

Mr. Harding can make no greater mistake than to ignore General Wood. He can perform no more popular act than to invite Wood to become Secretary of War.

WILLIAM NOWLAND.

New York, Dec. 22, 1920.

The National Urban League

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: Every productive effort toward spreading peace and harmony throughout the world calls for removing the causes of friction by getting together the various groups concerned for mutual understanding. The adoption of such methods is needed among our own American people in the problems of race adjustment. Representative white and colored people who are intelligent on the problems of race relations and who are genuinely concerned about our country's future should meet frequently for the purpose of adding each racial group to acquire a better knowledge of the good qualities in the other.

Ten years ago the National Urban League caught this vision and has organized local committees in thirty-three cities North and South, where white and colored members are jointly working for better industrial and neighborhood conditions of the negro population. The living standards of the whole community are elevated, of course, in proportion as negro life is improved.

By having a definite program of work calling for better housing, greater industrial efficiency, for health education and the reduction of delinquency, these committees are assured an indefinite life and do not lose their potentiality for service through lack of something to do, as would be the case if the committees had no definite program before them. In prosecuting this work of human betterment the league uses trained social workers, in many cases trained at schools of social service in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago on fellowships furnished by the league.

The sum of \$7,000 is now being sought to complete the league's national and New York budgets of \$62,000 for the

year 1920. A. S. Frissell, treasurer, 127 East Twenty-third Street, New York, will gratefully acknowledge contributions.

EUGENE KINCKLE JONES, Executive Secretary, National Urban League, New York, Dec. 13, 1920.

Why Not Do Our Own Work?

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: The latest census shows that there are more than 105,000,000 people living in the United States, exclusive of the insular possessions.

At the present time there is a far-reaching cry that we cannot get along without letting in an indefinite number of low-class immigrants to do some necessary if unpleasant jobs for us. It is certainly true that in the not remote past we were a self-sustaining nation in so far as we did not depend on floods of undesirable aliens to do even the hardest kinds of work. Back of that there was a time when the most ambitious among us, the ones most anxious to take advantage of the high "American standard of living" and to raise it still higher, were not ashamed to tackle any task, no matter how hard or dirty. That was the time when real work was not regarded as a shameful thing.

If that day cannot be brought back again, what is the proper proportion of hardworking but unassimilable foreigners to our growing millions of ease-lovers? If this figure can be determined, how long will it be before these same aliens will be able and justified in their ability to take our case away from us? When an attempt is made to answer these two questions it becomes plain that we are moving toward national disaster, either in being humiliated by a more virile race, or, worse still, by becoming physically and mentally decadent as the stock becomes more and more "mongrelized."

One hundred and five million people who cannot take care of themselves! What a ghastly joke it must seem to poverty-stricken Europe, with all her recent dead, struggling desperately to get to her feet after six awful years, the effects of which we are just beginning to feel!

Can we not find an answer to the question more honorable to ourselves and more helpful to the world at large? Is it too late to teach our young men and women how the mere fact that any work is needed makes that work worth while?

GARDNER MEEKER.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 22, 1920.